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43.

THE FACTOR'S GARLAND.

CONTAINING,

The Factor's Voyage to TURKEY, where he found a dead Chriſtian lying on the Ground, and gave fifty Pounds to have him buried. Alſo, how he gave a hundred Pounds for young Damſel's Life who was to be ſtrangled, and carried her to LONDON, and made her his Servant. How, when it was his Fortune to go Factor into that Country which govern'd by his Maid's Father, by a Garment of her flowering, which was on the Factor's Back, the Prince came to hear of his Daughter, whom he had loſt three Years before; and told the Factor, if he would go back, and bring her alive, he ſhould have her to Wife. How, as he was carrying her over to her Father's Country, the Captain of the Ship threw him over board in the Night; but there being an Iſland at hand, he ſaved his life. By what means he was conveyed from the Iſland, and what he was to give for his Paſſage to the Prince's Pallace, where he was received with Joy unſpeakable, and ſoon after married to the young Princeſs.

With other Things worthy of Note.

ld by S. Gamidge, *at* Prior's Head Worceſter.

BEHOLD here's a Ditty, 'tis true and no Jeſt,
Concerning a young Gentleman in the Eaſt,
Who by his great gaming came to poverty,
And afterwards went many Voyages to Sea.
Being well educated, and one of great Wit,
Three Merchants of London they all thought it fit
To make him their Factor and Captain alſo,
And for them to Turky a Voyage he did go.
And walking along in the Streets there he found,
A poor Man's dead Carcaſe lying on the Ground.
He aſked the Reaſon what made him there lye;
Then one of the Natives made him this Reply.
That Man was a Chriſtian, Sir, when he drew Breath,
The Duties not being paid he lies above earth.
Why, what are your Duties, the Factor he cry'd;
It is fifty Pounds, Sir, the Turk he reply'd.
That is a great Sum, ſaid the Factor, indeed:
To ſee him lie here makes my Heart for to bleed.
So then by the Factor the Money was paid,
And then under Earth his dead Carcaſe was laid.
When having gone farther, he chanc'd to eſpy
A beautiful creature juſt going to die,
A young Waiting-maiden, who ſtrangled muſt be,
For nothing but ſtriking a Turkiſh Lady.
To think of her dying with dread ſhe was fill'd,
And Rivers of Tears then like Water diſtill'd;
Like a Stream or Fountain for her Eyes flow'd down
Her red roſy Cheeks, and from thence to the Ground.
Hearing what the Crime was, he to end the Strife,
Said, What muſt I give for this young Creature's Life.
The anſwer returned was an hundred Pound,
The which for he Pardon he freely laid down.
He ſaid, come fair Creature, thy weeping refrain,
And be of good Comfort, thou ſhall not be ſlain;

Behold I have purchaſed thy Pardon; wilt thee
Be willing to go into England with me?
She cry'd, Sir, I thank you who freed me from Death,
I am bound to pray for you as long as I've Breath,
And if you are willing to England I'll go,
And due reſpect to you untill death I will ſhow.
He brought her to London, where, as it is ſaid,
He ſet up Houſekeeping, and ſhe was his maid,
For to wait upon him; and finding her juſt,
With the Keys of his Riches he did her intruſt.
At length this young Factor was hir'd once more
To croſs the proud Waves, and Billows which roar,
And into that Country his Courſe was to ſteer,
Which by the Maid's Father was govern'd we hear.
Being a hot Counrry, this man did prepare,
To get fine light Robes for that Country-wear.
He bought a ſilk Waſtecoat, which, as it is told,
His Servant flouriſhed with Siver aud Gold.
She ſaid to him, Maſter, I do underſtand,
You are going Factor unto ſuch a Land;
And if you that Prince's Court do enter in,
Beſure that you let this flouriſh'd Garment be ſeen.
He ſaid, unto that Prince's Court I muſt go,
The Meaning of thy Words I long to know.
Sir, I'll not tell you; there's ſome reaſon you'll find:
With that he reply'd I will fulfil thy Mind.
Then away he ſailed and came to the Port,
The Factor he went to the emperor's court;
For it was the uſual Cuſtom of that Place,
To preſent ſome noble thing to his Grace,
His Gift was accepted, and as he ſtood by,
On this flower'd Garmenr the Prince caſt an eye,
Which cauſed him to colour, and thus he did ſay,
Friend who flower'd that Robe, tell me now I pray.

If pleaſe your Grace my laſt Voyage was to Turkey
Where I ſaw a Creature ſtrangled that muſt be,
And to ſave her Life I gave one hundred Pound,
And carried her home with me to fair London town.

There ſhe is my Houſekeeper while I'm in this Land
And when of my coming ſhe did underſtand:
She flowered this robe, and gave charge unto me,
To let it be ſeen by your great Majeſty.

The Prince cried, behold Friend, this Robe that
Is of the ſame Flower and Spot I dare ſwear, [wear
Thy maid wrought them both, and is my daughter dear
I have not heard from her till now this three Year.

To pay a viſit to ſome young neighbouring Prince,
I ſent her in a Ship, and have ne'er ſeen her ſince,
And I was afraid the Sea had prov'd her Grave,
But I hear to Turkey ſhe was taken a Slave.

For Loſs of my child whom I thought had been dead
A Well full of Tears in my Court has been ſhed;
My Princeſs her Mother, for her cou'd not reſt,
And her Groans drew Millions of Sighs from my Breaſt.

The Ship ſhall be richly laden with ſpeed,
And I'll ſend a Ship for your Convoy indeed,
And becauſe thou haſt ſav'd my Child's Life,
Bring her Home alive and I'll make her thy wife.

And if you ſhould not live to bring her to me,
That Man that brings her Home his bride ſhe ſhall be,
And a Hundred thouſand a Year he ſhall have,
Therefore take care my dear Child's Life to ſave.

The Ship being laden, their Anchor was weighing,
And he and his Convoy came over the Main,
To fair London City, and home he did go,
And gave this young Princeſs theſe Tydings to know.

He ſaid, Noble Lady I have good news to tell,
The old Prince your Father and Mother are well,

And your noble Parents this thing have design'd,
In the Bands of Wedlock we both shall be join'd.
Perhaps noble Lady you will not be agree,
To marry a poor Man, especially me.
Sir, were you a Beggar I would be y ur Wife,
Because when just dying you saved my Life.
I ne'er shall forget that great token of Love,
Of all Men now breathing I prize you above,
And since it is so order'd I am pleased I vow,
And glad that my Father does this thing allow.
Pray Sell off your Goods that you have now in Store,
And give all the Money to those that are poor,
And let us be jogging with Speed oe'r the Main,
For I long to see my parents again.
The thing was soon done, and she sailed away,
In that Ship her Father sent for his Convoy,
But mark what was acted ou the Ocean wide.
To deprive this Factor of his royal bride.
That Captain that convoy'd him over the Deep,
One Night as the Factor was laid in his Sleep,
Being under sail, overboard did him throw,
Saying, now I shall have this young Creature I know.
There happened to be a small Island at hand,
To which this factor swam as I understand,
And there I will leave him some Time for to mourn,
And unto his ship now again will I turn.
Next Morning as soon as the Day-light did peep,
He wak'd this young princess out of her Sleep,
And said, noble Lady, the Factor's not here,
He is fallen over-board and drown'd I fear.
To hear this sad News then her Eyes they did flow.
He said, noble Lady, now since it is so,
There's none here can help it, don't troubled be,
In two or three days you your parents shall see.

And when that she came to the desir'd port,
The princess went weeping to her Father's Court,
Who gladly received with joy and great Mirth,
Saying where is the Man who relitved you from Death.
The Captain reply'd, as we lay fast asleep,
He fell overboard, and was drown' in the deep;
Your Grace said, the Man that home did her bring
Should have her, and I hope you'll perform now the thing.
Yes, that was my promise, the prince he reply'd,
What say'st thou my Daughter, wilt thou be his bride?
She said, yes dear father, but first, if you please,
For him that sav'd him I'll mourn forty days.
Then into close mourning this Lady she went,
For Loss of this good Friend in tears to lament:
And there I will leave her to mourn for a while,
And turn to the Factor, who is left on the Isle.
In this desart Island the Factor he lay,
In floods of tears weeping a Night and a Day,
At length on the Ocean appear'd in his View,
A little old man paddling in a Canoe.
The Factor call'd to him, which caused him to stay,
And drawing near to him, the old Man did say,
Friend how came you here? then with eyes that did flow,
He told him the Secret, and where he would go.
The old Man said to him, if here you do lie,
With Grief and great Sorrow in short time thou wilt die,
What wilt thou give, and to Court I'll be thy Guide.
I have nothing to give you the Factor reply'd.
If thou wilt but promise and be true to me,
To give me the first babe that's born unto thee,
When thirty Months old, to that Court I'll thee bring,
I'll not release you without that very thing.
The Factor considered the thing would cause Grief,
And without it for him there could be no Relief,

He cried life is ſweet, and my Life to ſave,
Carry me to ths palace your Will you ſhall have.
So then he was carry'd to the Court, and when
Come under the Gate he ſaw his Lady then
Looking out at her Window, who ſeeing him there,
From Sorrow to great joy tranſported ſhe were.
He unto tbe Court with great joy was reciev'd,
Where his Lady met him, who for him had grieved,
And ſaid, my dear jewel, my joy, and my dear,
Oh! where have you tarried, pray let me hear?
Where he ſo long tarried he then did relate,
And by what Means he came to her Father's Gate.
He ſaid I was caſt over-board in my Sleep,
I think it was the Captain threw me in the Deep.
With that the Captain was ſent for with ſpeed,
And hearing the Factor was come there indeed,
To ſhow himſelf guilty, like a cruel knave,
Leap'd into the Ocean which proved his Grave.
Next Day with great Triumph and jo as we find,
The Factor and Lady in Marriage were join'd:
And within the Compaſs and Space of two Year.
They had a fine Son and a Daughter we hear.
The Son was the firſt born, a perfect Beauty,
And was well belov'd of the whole family,
When thiry Months old came that Man for the Child,
Who realeaſed the Factor from the deſert Iſle
Whe the Factor ſaw h[illegible] his Eyes then did flow,
Then he gave the Lady and her Parents to know,
He was forced to make him to Promiſe or lie
In the Deſart Iſle, till with Hunger he'd die.
With a grim Look then the old man appears,
Which made the Court tremble, and fill'd them with Fears,
Crying, what ſhall we do, ſure this is no Man,
He will have our Darling do all that we can.

He ſaid, 'twas my Promiſe, and I'll have my Due,
There's one Babe for me and another for you ;
I'll have your firſt-born, come give it to me :
With that all the Family wept bitterly.

The Babe's Mother cried, I am grieved to the Heart,
To think I with ſuch a dear Infant muſt part,
To one that will carry it the Lord knows where,
And perhaps in pieces my Darling will tear.

With that ſhe embrac'd it, while Tears down they fell,
And when having kiſt it, ſhe bid it farewell,
Saying, 'tis for the Sake of my Huſband, that I
Do part with my firſt-born, for him I ſhall die.

So then this grim Ghoſt to her Huſband did ſay,
Sir, do you remember in Turkey one day,
You ſaw a dead Body lying on the Ground,
And to have it buried you gave fifty Pounds.

Sir, I am the Spirit of that dead Body,
I ſaved your Life for that great Love ſhewn to me;
You may keep your Babe, and the Lord bleſs you all.
Then away he vaniſhed out of the Hall.

Being gone, the old Prince and Princeſs, likewiſe
The Babe's tender Parents, with Tears in their Eyes,
With Joy then embrace the Darling their Son,
Saying, hadſt thou left us, we'd all been undone.

Now I will leave them in Joy and much Mirth,
To love one another while God gives them Breath.
An now by this Factor you may ſee indeed,
No Mortal can prevent what Fate has dedreed.

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